







lang="en">

# Leading an Explosive Revolution in Another World! - Volume 03

## Table of Contents

- 1. [Prologue](#)
- 2. [Chapter 1: I want... To sleep with you](#)
- 3. [Chapter 2: Lend me some money](#)
- 4. [Chapter 3: Buy some clothes for me?](#)
- 5. [Chapter 4: Are you stripping or not!](#)
- 6. [Chapter 5: I'm thirsty](#)
- 7. [Chapter 6: Molan isn't yours](#)
- 8. [Chapter 7: Fate truly renders one helpless](#)

# Prologue

–Molan Faburando.

–Who are you?

–Thy name is...

It was a tongue I had never heard before, each word and syllable was ancient, earthshaking and tumultuous. It was probably the true language, greater than any others.

–Why do you look the same as me?

He didn't answer.

–What are you?

–I am of the demon race.

–What do you want?

–I have a long cherished wish that has yet to be fulfilled.

–What do you want to do about it?

–I need thine body.

–What can I get?

–Power, infinite power.

–Enough to save Tess?

–Easily.

–Enough to kill that demonic beast?

–It would be like stepping on an ant.

–Enough... To destroy the world?

He sounded very happy.

–Once thy contract is sealed, my return will be at hand, my race shall be reborn and thy gods shall be brought down.

–I promise you.

–Thy contract is sealed.

The two were of one voice.

–Thou shalt share thy fate with me, in life and in death, in our destiny and responsibility, and we shalt bear any pain and sorrow and suffering together. Thy contract is sealed, may thou and I return to glory together!

Molan muttered in 2 voices, his eyes the colour of fresh blood.

The mirror surface before him shattered.

Molan sank into darkness.

(TL: If you know Romance of the Three Kingdoms, the content of what they said is a bit like when Liu Bei swore to be oath brothers with Zhang Fei and Guan Yu but with some slight differences. See: <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=9vrZZXHBp5Y>)

# Chapter 1: I want... To sleep with you

TL: In case anyone is feeling lost, no new character is appearing in this chapter, the “new” character already appeared in volume 2. A lot of times, the author likes to foreshadow things and only explain them fully later on but they can be reasonably deduced.

---

So it is that whenever Heaven invests a person with great responsibilities, it first tries his resolve, exhausts his muscles and bones, starves his body, leaves him destitute, and confound his every endeavor.

(TL: Part of a quote from Mencius/Meng Zi)

So it's clear I will have great achievements in the future! Such were my random, nonsensical thoughts as I squatted in the dilapidated stable with a straw of hay in my mouth.

I've never had to live through such hard times since I was born, having to eat leftovers and sleep on hay with the horse kicking me every once in a while as it was irritated from my having invaded its exclusive territory. This nation really infuriates me, no internet no wifi, no electricity and laundry has to be done by hand! What the heck is this? I've been enduring these all this while but now that I've been reduced to a slave and live as an inferior human, I can't stand it!

“Hey horse-bro! Can you scoot over there a bit!”

“Master, I want to eat cheese.”

Shuoxue complained as she lay on my back. She was one of the very few comforts I had after being reduced to this pitiful state. The stable was hot, humid and stinky but thanks to Shuoxue being a human ice block, I was still able to survive the summer heat without getting heat stroke.

The greatest consolation for those in destitution, is to have others beside you.

“Where is there cheese, horse meat is here, you want some? We'll stick it through the throat then cut it from the middle. You have the left leg and I'll take

the right... Joking joking! Horse-bro don't get angry!"

I stopped the hoof that was about to land on my stomach, and was able to appease the lousy horse with great difficulty. I sighed and batted away at the noisy, starving mosquitoes.

"It's already more than half a month, and Tina hasn't come to see me at all..."

"She did come."

"Ah?"

Shuoxue said something that made me stunned.

"When did she come?"

"Every night while you are sleeping."

"What!"

Tina came to see me everyday?

"Why didn't you wake me up!"

"I did!" Shuoxue said unhappily, "But you slept like a log."

"Is that so... What did Tina do here?"

"Nothing much, just sat here beside you, helped you wipe your sweat and fan you a bit. Then she would go into a daze, and leave after some time."

What good fortune! No wonder these few days I have been sleeping so well, I thought I'd gotten used to living in poverty but actually it's thanks to Tina's care. I just knew she wouldn't abandon me!

"What time does she usually come?"

Shuoxue thought for a while.

"About 2 hours after lights off at the dorm, so should be anytime now."

"I'll go to sleep now."

I lay on the mat of hay in my sleeping pose with my eyes towards the exit of the dorm.

So nervous.



What should I do when Tina comes later? Should I lie on my back or my stomach? If I lie on my back and spy on her would she find out, ah but if I sleep on my stomach then I can't see her face. Lying on my side is good but left or right? That depends on which side Tina is sitting at, I'll face right first and if she sits on my left, I just have to pretend I'm turning in my sleep.

"Shuoxue, is my hair messy?"

"Shh, someone's coming."

As Shuoxue said, there was a human figure sneaking about at the stairway of the dorm. As the lights were out, it wasn't clear but from the shape, it was probably a girl.

She came straight for the stables and I hurriedly closed my eyes.

*Pada Pada Pada*

The sound of sandals on the ground rang out, and my heartbeat accelerated as the footsteps got closer.

Tina stopped near me.

Opening my right eye by just a fraction, I saw an orange night gown and cute duck print panties underneath.

!!

Wh-wh-why is she squatting in front of me!?!?

I shut my eyes instinctively and my face turned red hot. Oh no, tonight's moonlight was truly excellent. I will remember this scene for the rest of my life.

Speaking of which, Tina actually wears this kind of underwear. I think it suits her, having an external demeanor like an icy Antarctic glacier but being lively on the inside. This is the glorious thing people call "Gap Moe", who am I to deny its allure?

Simply great.

Tina pushed me and called out in a low voice.

"Molan?"

It wasn't Tina.

It was my slavemaster, Alisha. What was she doing, coming to find me in the middle of the night. She would probably leave soon if she failed to wake me up so I continued to pretend to sleep.

“Molan?”

“...”

“Molan Molan?”

“...”

“Molan!”

I refused to reply, no matter how much she hit and pushed me. Ouch ouch, why must you wake me up now no matter what, what could it be, could it be more important than my rendezvous with Tina? Just quickly give up and go back to the dorm while the night patrol isn't here yet.

Alisha finally stopped her torture.

“... If you don't get up soon,” She stammered, “I, I, I am, am going to ki-kiss you!”

“What is it.”

“Ya! Suddenly jumping up like that, it scared me!”

Alisha fell back onto her butt and her night gown flipped up, showing the insides in full glory. Your first appearance and you are already giving fanservice, this will really determine how your character will be portrayed in future. If this was a manga, you would be embarking on your first step to being in many ero-doujins.

She hurriedly pressed down her gown.

“Yo-yo-yo-you saw it!?”

“What cute pantsu.”

(TL: Yes he really does say pantsu.)

“Yaa! I will kill you!”

With enormous difficulty, I was able to pry her claws from my neck. I coughed

and cleared my throat.

“... What exactly did you come for.”

Alisha cleared her throat and fiddled her hands about behind her back as she glanced about.

“To, today’s moon is reall round huh!”

“...”

“Nothing much actually!” Alisha flared, “As a member of royalty, I have to protect my subordinates! Even a slave is included! You having to eat and sleep in such a poor place is bad for my reputation! So! So...”

She suddenly got nervous and drew circles with her finger.

“... So, that is, do you want to come to my—”

“No.” I interrupted her.

“Eh!? I haven’t even finished yet!”

“Inviting me to your room instead of the stable right? No I don’t want to.”

Alisha was stunned.

“Wh, why!? Could it be that you... Hate me? Yo-yo-yo-you hate me? Th, though I have a lot of bad points but, wu, but I, to you...”

“No, I don’t hate you. But it’s not right, having a boy and girl live together in one room. That will disrupt the morals that St Txarango has sought to upkeep!” I said resolutely, “And it will also damage your reputation, so forget it.”

Alisha shook her head, “Not really, the school will approve and my reputation will not be damaged.”

“It won’t?”

“Because you are a slave, and are considered a personal belonging of mine. So how I treat you is not anyone’s business. These 10 odd days I have had to let you suffer visibly because you killed so many people and people wouldn’t be satisfied if they didn’t see you get punished. Sorry about that.”

“Ke Ke” Alisha coughed, “Th, then, wu, come to my room!”

“No.”

“Why!”

That is because of Tina of course. If I go to your room, how will Tina find me. I haven't been able to talk to her for a while now. Ever since we left the forest of elves, Tina has had a lot on her mind, and the anti-social aura has strengthened manifold such that even without me, the boys who want to hit on her can only look on from afar, none daring to go up close.

With so much that has happened to her, she must have a lot of complicated feelings. In the end, she became the emissary of the god of fate, the first human emissary and this will undoubtedly mean that she will play a big role in the human world in the times to come. With such a large responsibility on her, she definitely needs some time to prepare herself. Until then, she does not want to reveal her identity, and wears a hair accessory to fix her long fringe in place to hide the sakura pink mark.

On the horse out of the forest on the way back to school, Tina sat behind me, and rested her head against my back as she yawned profusely, as I steered the horse through the clear weather. The headmaster hummed as he led us and the cool summer breeze came blowing down from the horizon, bringing the rich smell of soil.

Molan.

Un?

Thank you.

And then she fell asleep.

My feelings rose to the sky and my body felt so light it was going to float. You're welcome, I said softly and pulled the reins to slow down the pace and let Tina have a good rest.

No matter what path Tina takes, I will always follow her and do my very best to protect her.

“I can't go with you.” I rejected Alisha, “I can't bear to part with horse-bro.”

I hugged the nearby stallion, but got kicked instantly.

“It doesn’t seem to like you huh~” Alisha burst into laughter as she looked at the me who was keeled over and kneeling.

“I, I, I don’t care about cleanliness, and will dirty your room.”

“There are people who will clean it everyday, not a problem.”

“I like to stay up late, it will affect your rest.”

“I will adapt to your habits, not a problem.”

“My sleeping posture is bad, I always toss and turn.”

“You’re sleeping on the floor anyway, not a problem.”

“What? Sleep on the floor?” I found a weakness, “No! Baby doesn’t want! Baby wants bed!”

“Then,” Alisha thought for a moment, “I’ll get people to bring in another bed.”

I clenched my teeth, “I want... To sleep with you.”

“———Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what!!!!?????”

A marvellous attack, Alisha was rooted to the spot and she stared at me with her mouth open in silence, her face went from white to pink to scarlet, like a lantern in the night.

“Th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-th-this sort of thing!!!! Yo-yo-you, do you know what you’re saying!!!!?????”

## Chapter 2: Lend me some money

“Of course I know.”

I put on a lewd smile as I walked toward Alisha.

“Do, don’t come over!”

I put strength into my grip as I held Alisha’s slim waist, as she struggled in my grasp.

“Let me go!”

“No.”

“Wu!”

As she saw my face draw close, Alisha let out a cry of terror.

“I, I’m going to shout!”

“Go on~ We’ll see if your would-be saviours come first...” I licked my lips, “Or if I eat you up first.”

“Let me go let me go!! Your li, lips are going to touch mine!!!”

“Are you unwilling?”

“I’m unwilling! Of course I am!!”

“Such poor acting, that’s not what your eyes are telling me.”

“—Eh? Eh eh?”

“Those eyes are clearly telling me you desire me to do something right?”

“I, I, I am not!! Not not not!!!”

“What a dishonest little girl, must I kiss you before you become honest?”

“No no no! Do, don’t you! You, I, I,” Alisha trembled violently, and her voice grew softer, “No...”

“Your beautiful hair.”

“No...”

“Forehead.”

“No...”

“Your lips~”

“...”

“Every part looks so delicious~”

As our noses touched, I stopped.

“I wanted to eat you up from the moment we first met.”

Alisha slipped out from my arms and sat down on the floor like a duck. Her eyes were unfocused and she did not do anything, as if I actually did do something to her. She was completely dazed, and it was as if her mind was completely gone.

As the horse ate grass, the moon passed through the clouds.

Alisha suddenly sprang up and gave me a slap.

“Pervert!!”

“Why did you do that!?” She held back tears as she grabbed the hem of her gown.

The part where I got hit burned, and only then did I realise that I had overdone it and made her cry.

“Geh...”

I lowered my head.

“Sorry...”

“I, I wasn’t even prepared at all...” She raised her volume again, “Pervert! Die!”

Alisha put her full body weight into one final punch she delivered to me and rushed back to the dorm. Finally she left, I sighed as I leaned against the wooden pillar and sank to the floor. I really have been sighing a lot lately.

Shuoxue was quiet for a long while.

“Playboy.”

“Oi oi,” I said helplessly, “I was acting.”

“Is that so? I can’t tell.”

“I don’t want to do as she says and stay in her room so I had to do all that, do you think I am a playboy? In love, I am always 100% devoted to one,” then I thought of Tess, “150% devoted to one... Never will I go astray!”

(TL: In case this doesn’t translate too well, yes he really does like Tess in the end.) “Hmph, master is a playboy.”

“I already said that was an act.”

Why are you so angry. Just as I was about to defend myself further, Alisha came running back.

“Mo, Molan.” She gasped as she held onto the pillar.

“Why did you come back.”

“I used the communication spell for royalty and told daddy.”

“WHAT!?”

I was so scared, my heart almost jumped out.

Alisha continued before I could calm myself down.

“Daddy said that he will leave as soon as he finishes some urgent matters and reach in a few days.”

“Reach where?”

“St Txarango.”

“Wh-wh-wh-why come here?”

Alisha blinked.

“To see you of course... Is there a problem?”

---

Ford Rosa Czedtofany, the ruler of the great kingdom of Rosa. Since he ascended the throne, he has swiftly acted to remove any and all opposition with an iron fist. He has successfully enacted internal policies to boost business activity and the economy, and greatly expanded the borders of Rosa. A complete turnaround of the formerly weak Rosa that has allowed Rosa to attain to the



status of the strongest nation in the continent. To be able to accomplish this, Ford is clearly no ordinary person. And it is also said that he executes 10 people every day on average, and is a cold-blooded tyrant whose name is used to scare naughty kids.

And I have made advances on said tyrant's baby girl.

"If you have any will or anything you want to leave behind, hurry and give it to me now. When the time comes, it'll be too late." Harry said as he bit into his fried chicken.

Today was yet another sweltering hot day. I was seeking shelter from the poisonous hot sun with Harry under the trees behind the canteen.

"It's just a small matter, as someone who was born under the red flag and who grew up in the spring winds, would I fear the currents of feudalism? And besides, I have plans."

"What plans do you have?"

Kneel down and kowtow.

"Eh, that smells really good, give me a bite."

"Get away get away," Harry hid the plate behind his back, "No bite for you, slaves should just eat leftovers. When I'm done, I'll let you lick the plate."

"Fuck! What sort of person are you! I treat you as a friend and yet you drop a rock down after I fall into a well! Were our tight bonds of friendship eaten by dogs!? Or eaten by you!"

"You still have the cheek to say such things! When the school cleared your room, they found many things that were mine, cups, towels, clothes... All the things I had been searching for all this while were all taken by you! To borrow and not return, is this how you treat your friends? And my beloved collection is now in the hands of the head instructor!"

"If you don't clear out the old, the new won't come, look beyond that..."

"Beyond your head!" Harry glared at me, "Only half, nothing more!"

"Hehe, thanks much~"

I bit into the fried chicken Harry handed me.

The crispy golden skin broke open, and the rich tastiness made my taste buds flutter. The meat was juicy and tender, and upon biting into it, an unexpected taste of sweet wine seeped out. As the meat went down the throat and into the stomach, the taste continued to linger on the tongue, making one desire for more.

(TL: I consider my translation to be a success if I made you salivate for fried chicken.) What delicious fried drunken chicken!

How long has it been since I ate proper food... I'm so touched that tears are streaming down...

"Oi, Molan, I want to ask you something."

"What, shoot."

Harry rubbed his nose with his index finger.

"Didn't you go to the Oracle Plenary, was the emissary.... Cute?"

"Unbelievably cute!" I answered without needing to think.

On hearing my emotionally charged answer, Harry got excited.

"Really! How tall is she? Does she have big breasts? And legs! The legs are important too!"

"Nothing to say about her figure, when she wears heels she is about as tall as me, as for breasts, maa," I raised an eyebrow, "Not telling."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like it."

"What's going on with you?"

I feel like saying it would be blasphemy to Tess.

"On account of the chicken, I can tell you about other experiences, like how I fought the leader of the terrorist organisation 300 times and finally defeated him."

"Nobody wants to hear you brag."

Harry clicked his tongue and lost interest.

“But I would like to hear about what happened when the green haired male elf attacked the Oracle plaza. It’s said that you killed 1,000 people on your own, is that true?”

“It’s true, when Tina was killed, I lost it—”

“Wasn’t Miss Tina only seriously wounded?”

I remembered that the royal family had hid the truth and manipulated the information divulged to the public and changed my story.

“I thought she was killed and then I lost it, and so I swung my sword left and right, hmph, even 10,000 people would just be done in mere minutes, let alone 1,000!”

“What the hell! Are you actually freaking awesome? I never knew!”

“You can adore me more from now on. Give me your half of the chicken, and I’ll take you in as my little brother.”

“No way, I said I wouldn’t give it to you.”

“Tch.”

“But I say, before cutting people down, did you stop to consider the consequences?”

I rolled my eyes at Harry.

“Where could I have found the leisure to consider such things then.”

“Idiot! All those people are VIPs with status and appointments. You very nearly doomed Txarango to destruction! Good thing the headmaster expelled you before, now that I think about it, it’s really terrifying, you hot-headed fool!”

“But, I can also understand why you did what you did.” Harry said, a complete turnaround from before.

“Ah?”

“If Monica had gotten into trouble, I too would have lost all reason and gone berserk like you did, and leave everything else at the back of my head.”

Harry said blandly, and then bit into his chicken.

I just stared at him, unable to continue for a moment.

At this moment, with his comical 'smart' hairstyle, and a face full of oil and chicken crisps, he actually looked pretty cool.

Haa, birds of a feather flock together.

Alright alright, I admit I was too rash that time and I actually did reflect on my actions. Tina is Txarango nobility and her family has 4 names granted to them by the previous king, thus protecting Txarango is a duty that she willingly shoulders proudly. She personally loved this warring nation. Being able to go to the shop in the corner of Myboleir street to eat their signature cake was what brought her the greatest happiness... And I had let my rage consume me, and very nearly overturned her hard work, and destroy innumerable families, and have countless people lose their homes, bear hunger and oppression, and lead tragic lives from then on. I really wasn't mature.

But I couldn't just stand there and do nothing.

The girl you love is being killed in front of you, and you can choose to hold everything back for the greater good?

How great of you! Truly a saint! Your name shall carry on through the ages, and people will sing of your sacrifices in praise of you, and you will be a prominent feature in history textbooks and test papers would even have questions on your name and birth date.

Only you would feel disgusted and ashamed at yourself, for not fighting for the girl you love, even as you wield a sword in your hands, as she wilts like a dying flower.

That is not the kind of person I want to become.

"Right." I suddenly had an epiphany, "Speaking of Tina, what is the date today?"

"Third day of the month of Wood."

Harry looked at me with a questioning look, "What's the matter with you? You look like the world has ended."

“Harry! We are friends right!”

“Why are you cosyng up to me all of a sudden! Yes, we are friends, though I would very much like to break ties with you.”

“Lend me some money.”

“I just knew it! Every time you emphasise friendship, nothing good comes out of it!” Harry yelled, “Get lost! I have no money!”

“This is the last time I’m begging you!”

“You said that the last time as well!”

“Really really last time! If I am lying, my last name isn’t Qin!”

(TL: Recall that Molan’s original surname is Qin.) “Your last name isn’t Qin to begin with!”

“Are you lending or not?”

“Not!”

Begging was fruitless, and I turned my head and muttered like nothing happened.

“There are some things Monica would definitely be interested in.”

“...”

“Like for example, a certain someone who spent an all nighter to write 5 love letters and snuck into class when no one was around to stuff them into the drawer in the fourth row of the first class—”

Harry gripped my shoulders strongly.

“Let’s break ties now immediately alright.”

“Before we do so, pay me a silencing fee,”

“How much.” He clenched his teeth.

“100 gold.”

“You might as well commit robbery!”

“A certain someone even has ‘I love Julie’ tattooed on his chest!”

“Hii! Bastard! Fine 100 gold it is! Now shut up!!!!”

## Chapter 3: Buy some clothes for me?

The head instructor stared daggers at me.

“You wish to go outside?”

I didn’t dare to meet his gaze and answered with my head low.

“Yes, I have something I wish to buy in the city center.”

“Get clear with what you are.” The head instructor lit his pipe, took a long draught and blew out a perfect smoke circle, “You are a slave now, not a normal St Txarango student and you have no freedom of movement. You are already restricted from walking around the school, let alone outside. I cannot approve your application to leave the school.”

“I don’t even have the right to go out? That’s way too inhuman.”

“Slaves are the personal possessions of their master, how can personal possessions be running about.”

“Don’t tell me I have to spend my entire life stuck in the school!?”

“Not really, if the master gives you permission and you travel with your master, then you can leave St Txarango.”

The head master stroked his beard.

And so because of the above, I came to Alisha’s room, and pushed the unlocked door open.

“Alisha.”

“Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!”

A pillow landed on my face and Alisha grabbed a wool blanket and covered her body with it.

“I-I-I-I-I am changing clothes!! Knock before you enter!!!! Pervert! Deviant! Degenerate! Get out get out get out!!!!”

I closed the door as I walked out and waited for Alisha to give her consent before going back in.

She crossed her legs as she sat on the edge of the bed with folded arms, and stared me with a red face.

“Is, is there something.”

“Can you bring me out?”

“To where?”

“To the marketplace, I want to buy something but I can’t leave the school on my own so I need you to accompany me.”

“What do you want to buy?”

“I don’t know yet, but I plan to take a look first and buy something suitable.”

“Shopping...” Alisha thought for a moment, “Sure, I can buy some clothes for you at the same time.”

“Buy clothes for me?” I was stunned.

“That’s right, I want to buy some formal wear for you. Daddy will be hosting a state banquet on the day he comes to Txarango. I will be making an appearance and of course you will have to go too, so some formal clothes must be prepared.”

“Slaves can participate in state banquets?”

Because I’m not a normal slave?

“Yes, as my personal belonging. And daddy came for the sake of meeting you in the first place, so I’m definitely making you look your best.”

Alisha got up and came to me, and took out a handkerchief from her pocket.

“Look at how dirty you are, if you came to my room I can help clean you up but you insist on staying in the stables. Don’t move, your nose isn’t clean.”

Alisha carefully cleaned up my face, and from up close, I noticed some small freckles below her eyes. She wasn’t an unworldly beauty like Tina and Tess, at the very most she was considered pretty, but she was a lot more like the girls I was used to. The kind of girls who took care of themselves, knew how to dress up, which was clear from how well she drew her eyebrows, and her pink glossy perfect nail polish.



“I’m not done yet,” Alisha kept her handkerchief, “Your hair is messy as well, I’ll comb it for you.”

“Wo, wo.”

She pushed me to the dressing table and made me sit on the chair. The me in the mirror looked really washed out, and my hair looked like a nest of birds could reside on my head, and there were even strands of grass in my hair. Alisha opened the drawer, and there were various scissors, combs and other makeup tools of which I could not guess the use of neatly arranged inside. She chose a longer wooden comb, and began combing my hair tenderly with one hand while she held my head with the other.

I feel so uneasy. Besides my Ma, no other woman has done this for me and Alisha doesn’t seem to mind it in the least, helping me wipe my face clean, combing my hair, dusting my clothes, exactly like a gracious, loving wife... When I thought about this, I felt even more uneasy. Didn’t I just make fun of her and she complained to her daddy? Why are we now being so intimate like nothing happened, this goes against common sense. No no no, maybe I’m thinking too much, because I’m her slave, so she is helping me tidy up myself. This is normal, wu, probably like grooming a pet.

Not good, as a member of the foolish male sex, I will be conquered if this goes on.

“Okay.”

Alisha finally let go of me, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

“When do we go buy clothes?”

“Today then, Molan do you know your way around? This is my first time to Txarango.”

“Un, I do, my sense of direction is quite good.”

If not, I wouldn’t have been able to bring Tess around the world.

“That’s great, we don’t need to a servant to bring us around, then let’s go with ju-ju-just the 2 of us!”

Alisha hugged my arm excitedly.

“Un! Let’s go! Let’s go!”

I got nervous for some inexplicable reason, eh, why is that, there shouldn’t be anything to be nervous about. This isn’t the first time I’m going out with a girl. Ah, saying it like that makes it sound like I’m a reajuu.

(TL: Yes he really does say reajuu.)

“O, okay.” I nodded as I stammered in reply.

---

Tina sat at the terrace with a book on the table in front of her. As the afternoon wind blew, the pages began flipping.

She wasn’t looking at the book, and was purely daydreaming as the pages flipped to the end and the smell of tea permeated the air.

... Boring, she muttered softly.

School was always boring, especially for someone like her without friends. Going out to play was actually prohibited at St Txarango and going out required students to apply to go out in advance, and state where they were going, when they were leaving and returning and what they planned to do. Only when it is approved then one can step out of school. Truly bothersome, Tina didn’t like that, and would always sneak out by climbing the walls every time.

She thought of Molan, and decided to get him to come along.

But where was he now? From the terrace, there was no sight of him at the stables. Maybe he was with Princess Alisha. He was Alisha’s slave now, and the collar on his neck had the name Alisha chose for him engraved on it. But because Molan had strongly insisted on it, Alisha had not chosen a new name, and he was still Molan Faburando.

Tina felt that she should be grateful to Alisha, for if not for her standing up for Molan, he would be put in a far away place doing land reclamation works. She had to find a time to thank Alisha in person, but she had yet to find a chance to do so.

Though she was grateful to her, Tina hated Alisha a little.

During class, Alisha would bring Molan to her seat and listen to class with him, and after class she would bring him to the canteen and they would eat while

facing each other, though what Molan ate was leftovers. During morning assembly, afternoon tea, dinner, where ever she went, Molan would be alongside her, and he had very little free time. In the beginning, Alisha would bring Molan about by holding the chains tied around his neck but later on she took off the chains, leaving the collar, and held his hand as they made their way about the school.

This was clearly telling the world that, this young man was hers.

Though Molan's family name was still Faburando, Tina thought.

She had given her family name to Molan on her own accord, without the approval of her parents and thus, it had no legal effect. Only St Txarango had recognised it, outside of the school, Molan was effectively a homeless vagabond.

Molan had never said where his home was, and Tina never asked either. Molan was proficient in the use of blades, and it was some time before Tina came to know of this strange gift, which could not be explained with either magic or the recently popular science.

Molan was full of mysteries, and Tina knew nothing about him.

Perhaps one day Molan will tell it all on his own, is what Tina had been thinking, but before that could happen, he was now someone else's.

If she said it didn't bother her at all, she would be lying.

She went around looking for Molan, and even knocked on Alisha's room but no one was there. Tina kicked a pebble on the floor, her anger broiling inside.

Can't find him. Tina easily flipped over the perimeter wall. Previously, Molan would always carry her and jump across the wall like he was flying. It has been a while since she had to do this alone.

When she landed on the other side, a brick fragment cut her ankle which made Tina suck in a deep breath of air.

The wound was deep, and just standing around made it hurt badly. There was a relay post not too far from the school where she could get a carriage but she feared she wouldn't be able to bear the pain and make it there. Carriages from the school required applications before usage. Just when she left school, it

looked she would have to go back.

Tina sat down with her back against the wall and hugged her legs.

“ ... ”

The school is so hot.

It was more comfortable in the forest of elves, as the continuous thick canopy formed by the trees was like a natural parasol which blocked the sun, making it cool and comfortable. Speaking of the forest, Tina would think of Tess, the girl who used a portion of her life to revive Tina and regressed to her 8-9 year old state. Why did she save Tina at the cost of her own life? They clearly didn't know each other. molan did not know, and neither does the head master. After Tess became small, she lost her memories and asking yielded no answers.

It felt inexplicable to her that she was dying for 10 over days. To Tina, she felt like she had a very long nap, albeit one without dreams.

The spell that could transfer life was called “transition” and was actually used to transfer the power of the emissary which was tied to life. And it is through that spell that emissaries become emissaries, unlike what humans had always thought, that emissaries are decided at birth. Tina had not heard the so-called “voice of god” which was probably because the god of fate did not favour this new emissary, and so she cannot learn of the meaning behind the existence of emissaries.

What kind of mission did the emissary have? For it to have been passed down for millenia.

Could it be because of the mission that Tess initiated the transition? It could be that she would rather disappear than bear that fate, and reviving Tina was merely incidental.

Tina shook her head.

Don't think about that for now, she said to herself in a low voice.

First, I must resettle Molan. This was the answer she arrived at after thinking for half a month.

Who knows how long she has left to live. The god of fate could decide any day

to take back the life granted to her and let Tess return to her original form. She knew that she should have been dead, and did not want for much. She only worried about Molan.

That he was reckless, Tina knew long ago, but she never imagined he was reckless to such an extent that he would slay almost half of the people at the Oracle plaza upon seeing her get killed. The next time she were to leave, who knows what stupid things he would do.

Tina took a deep breath.

Idiot. She scolded him in her heart, as the corners of her mouth curled ever so slightly.

Molan needs a place where he belongs, so that he can be more accepting of her passing on.

Just as she thought of this, the school gates opened and a carriage came out. Tina turned to see, and through the window, the 2 people she saw left her dumbfounded.

## Chapter 4: Are you stripping or not!

EDIT: By not many chapters to catch up I mean that I will have caught up to the author, not that it has ended TL: Not many chapters left to catch up, will be focusing on True history! and maybe another project after this. True history is hard to translate on a workday when it has longer chapters (500-1000 more characters than Revolution!) and the amount of research I have to do so that will probably be mainly on weekends.

Women are very selective when it comes to shopping for clothes, even when they are not the ones wearing them, rejecting items because of this or that.

“Ugly.”

This was the 7th outfit that the shop owner had recommended and which was rejected by Alisha.

Is it really ugly?

I tried several poses in front of the mirror to see how I looked from the back and front, but I didn't feel like there was anything wrong with it. Honestly speaking, I actually liked this set.

“Why don't we just get this?”

I asked to test the waters.

“No, it's in poor taste.”

Alisha lost her patience, hooked on her leather bag and dragged me out of the shop.

“Dear customer! We still have a treasured set of clothes that are sure to please you!”

“Forget it, your shop is way too lousy. I have been utterly disappointed the moment I saw the displays as I walked in. I gave you 7 chances and you won't get an 8th.” Alisha said to shut down the shop owner who had chased up, “Molan, let's go to another shop.”

“Another one again?”

We'd been browsing for a long while not but Alisha had not seen anything she liked. According to what was written in the application, we had to return to the school by evening. However at the rate we are going, even if we buy the formal wear for the state banquet, I won't have time for my own shopping.

'What sort of clothing are you looking for, if I were to say, I think the first few were not bad.'

Alisha raised her eyebrows.

"Which set are you referring to?"

"Like... The first set."

"Too gaudy, not suited for a formal and grand event."

Geh, it's true that it is a bit gaudy.

I thought for a bit, "What about the second set? It shouldn't be gaudy."

"The second set barely passes, but the material is poor and the workmanship is not up to par."

"What's wrong with the third set then?"

"The colours are too bright. For a normal banquet it's fine but not for a state banquet."

"As for the rest, don't bother," Alisha said before I could continue, "They're all trash."

I squeezed past the crowds and chased up to Alisha.

"You don't need to put so much effort on this right, who's going to pay so much attention to whether a slave's clothing is appropriate or not."

"No. You are the focus of this state banquet, have you not realised this?"

"I am the focus?"

"I must dress you up to your very best in appropriate clothing, and then I have to teach you proper dining etiquette as well." Alisha said, with further emphasis, "You must give daddy a good impression. And the first step to doing that is your presentation, which we must score high points in."

“Eh?”

Why am I the focus of the state banquet? Why do I have to give your old man a good impression? Ah, is it to lighten the punishment he will give me? If I put it like that, that does seem necessary.

“But if we don’t buy the clothes soon, we will run out of time.”

“No problem, I’ve already decided.”

“Decided on which set?”

Alisha smiled cheekily.

“No I’ve decided to tailor a set for you.”

She waved a piece of paper clenched in her left hand.

“I got the address from the shop owner and decided to go to the manufacturer directly and have them make a set according to my instructions.”

Alisha pulled the stunned me up the carriage. It was a good thing our destination wasn’t too far and it didn’t take long by carriage or I would have gone mad from frustration as I hadn’t bought what I wanted. On entering the place, Alisha called out to a nearby worker and requested him to bring the manager out.

“The manager is busy and isn’t here, what business do you have with her?”

“Get her to hurry here with a communication spell immediately or I’ll demolish her workshop!”

I waited silently by the side, speechless.

After about half an hour, a woman who was probably the manager came running over from the door and frantically looked about before she found Alisha who was having tea. She rushed over and bowed deeply, “I did not know that Your Highness would be paying us a visit, huu, I, I’m terribly sorry to have kept you waiting.”

The manager was sweating and panting profusely.

“Good work.” Alisha set down the tea-cup as she sat on the sofa with her legs crossed, exuding the aura of royalty, “Apologies for having you rush over and



stop your work but I am seeking you because my time is short and I require you to tailor a set of appropriate clothing according to my specifications.”

“May I ask for whom?”

“For him.” Alisha said as she pointed at me.

“Ah for this sir, I got it.”

Because Alisha had taken off my collar, the manager did not know that I was actually a slave, and treated me with courtesy.

A worker pushed out a cart to where we were and the manager took out a measuring tape from the cart before bowing to me.

“Sir, please raise your arms and let me measure your chest width.”

“Oh.”

I raised my arms like the manager requested and she looked like she was going to hug me as she approached me with the measuring tape open.

“Your chest is—”

“Stop right there!”

Alisha suddenly yelled, scaring the manager stiff.

“May, may I ask, what is the matter?”

“ ...”

I looked at Alisha and for some reason she looked very unhappy.

“Hmph... I,” she raised her voice again, “I will do the measurements!”

“Eh? There is no need for you to trouble yourself...”

“Stop blabbering! I said I’ll do it so I’ll do it!”

The manager was now terrified and bowed at a perfect right angle as she passed the measuring tape to Alisha with trembling hands.

“I, I understand, please...”

Alisha snatched the measuring tape and stared at me angrily.

“Molan! Raise your arms!”

“What’s with the temper.”

“Do it quickly!”

What a strange moody fellow, to throw a tantrum out of nowhere.

I raised my arms, “Come on.”

Alisha did not come to measure me. She stood at her spot and seemed to be hesitating about something, and looked over at me now and then. After a bit, she seemed to have finally decided on something and took a deep breath before she spoke in a small, thin voice.

“... Your shirt... Strip.”

“Why!?”

“Be-be-be-be-be-be-be-be-be-be-because that way is more accurate!”

“How much of a difference can there be, it’s negligible!”

“No! I will not allow slipshod work! It must be perfect!” Alisha yelled fiercely with a scarlet face, “Quick! Strip! Stop blabbering!”

“No! Won’t I have no face if I strip just because you told me to!”

“How am I going to measure you if you don’t strip! Don’t you have something to buy? Stop wasting time!”

“But you can measure me without stripping! If you don’t want to waste time, then hurry up! It’s not a body check up, why do I have to strip!”

“Are you stripping or not!”

“Not!”

“Strip!”

“No! No means no!”

The books said we must protect our chastity!

“No dinner tonight if you don’t strip!”

“What!”

What humiliation... What humiliation! Being a slave is far too cruel! Not only

do I have want for food and lodgings and have limitations on my personal freedom; I am even forced to do erotic things for the sake of leftovers!

Against her threat, I hesitated but eventually stripped. It was summer and I only wore one piece of clothing so it was all I wore above. The only time my body has been seen by girls is during basketball in high school gym class. Wu, so shy.

Alisha stared fixedly at me.

“... Hehe.”

“What was that lewd laughter!?”

I hurriedly hugged myself.

“I did not!”

“You clearly did! I heard it!”

“No no no I did not! Don’t think that I’m a pervert like you! Qu-qu-qu-quickly take your hands off, I’m going to measure you!”

For a man to not dare to show one’s upper body and be afraid of being taken advantage of. When I thought of this, I felt disgusted at myself and took my hands off.

“I, I’m going to measure now.”

Alisha slowly hugged me.

“... Is there a need to stick so close.”

“...Ye, yes there is.”

“... Oh.”

“... ”

“... ”

“... Eh, umm, qu-qu-quite solid huh...”

“... Is that so...”

“... Un, yes...”

“... ”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“... You’ve lost weight... You should eat more...”

“... I would like to as well...”

“... Sorry... I can’t give you proper meals in front of everyone...”

“... I know...”

“... I left some food for you in my room... But you won’t come...”

“Wu, thank you for thinking for me.”

“... Really, what is holding you back...”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

I couldn’t take it anymore.

“Are you done measuring?”

“Eh? Ah, ye, yes I am done.”

Alisha let go of me unwillingly.

“Next is your waist...” She looked at me, “Ke, take off your pants.”

“No way!!!!!!”

---

The measurement was finally over after much trouble. Usually the earliest that the clothes would take to finish was 25 days but Alisha gave the manager a bag of gold pieces and requested them to do it in 5 days with a completion bonus. I began picking my gift for Tina as we walked out of the workshop.

What do you want to buy? Alisha asked me but I felt that I did not need to tell her and made some random excuse. We walked through several streets but I couldn’t find anything I was satisfied with. I was downcast as there were simply too few shops here to browse. Time passed us by as we window shopped and before we knew it, the sky was dyed red by the sun. It was soon to be the time we had to return to school and the last carriage would allow us to get back just before the time limit. There was still 15 minutes till the last carriage and so Alisha

and I came to a coffee shop near the station and ordered some iced drinks to pass the time.

Alisha silently watched the passersby outside the window as she held the starw in her mouth.

I hooked out an ice cube and bit on it, hu~ so cooling. I'm tired out after this whole afternoon of activity and roasted by the summer heat like a hotdog but just a simple ice cube rejuvenated me.

"I say."

Alisha slowly spoke.

"Could it be that you are... Buying a gift for a girl?"

I hid my shock at her unexpected words.

"How did you find out?"

"Where ever you went, the things you looked at were hair clips, female clothing, accessories, only things that girls would use."

"Wu." I scratched my head, "You found out."

Alisha's gaze sharpened at my reply.

"Who is the one you want to give a present to? It wouldn't be... For me right?"

"..."

"If it's for me, you should let me try it out, or could it be you want to surprise me? Doesn't seem like it. Then who could it be? From what I know, the number of girls you are close with is low," she nodded, ".. Tina?"

I didn't answer.

Alisha leaned over and spoke in an ice-cold voice.

"That's right isn't it? You're buying a present for Tina... Right?"

I met Alisha's gaze head on.

Her eyes weren't big, and were the upturned type, which made me think of a snake who had locked on to the silent me with a cold stare and would immediately bite if I made a wrong move.

## Chapter 5: I'm thirsty

TL: Finally the plot begins to move again. And more fanservice (but not the "right" kind.)

---

"You're right."

Thinking about it, I felt there was nothing to hide and so I answered Alisha clearly.

As soon as I answered I regretted it as tree roots broke through the soil and the floor and nailed me to my chair. The roots didn't stop there and continued to grow until I was firmly in place and all my joints were locked.

Alisha stopped casting.

"Molan, I hate unfaithful men."

So looks can kill! Her gaze pierced through my heart and I felt like a helpless little rabbit waiting for its hunter to slaughter it, and could only look on in terror as Alisha drew closer.

"Big sister said that unfaithful men should be stripped naked and paraded in the streets before being drowned in a pig basket."

(TL: A pig basket is a kind of weave basket. In ancient China (like really ancient, pre-Qin Dynasty), men who cheated were beheaded while women were subjected to drowning while being in a pig basket. It apparently became a form of torture used by the Japanese in WWII.) "I, I haven't been unfaithful!"

I protested with all my might but Alisha didn't seem like she was joking. Every syllable and word was laced with a bone chilling killing intent, she didn't just want to drown me, she wanted to dismember me!

"If you aren't unfaithful, then why do you have to buy a gift for Tina Faburando?"

"Why can't I buy one?"

"Why do you have to buy one!" Alisha covered her mouth and squeezed out an

unclear muttering, “You haven’t even... Bought something for me yet...”

“If you wanted something you should have told me, if I knew I would have swiped more gold off Harry.”

“I don’t want anything!”

“If you don’t, then let me go!”

“No! You’re going to receive punishment!”

Alisha seemed to have gone into a frenzy and started muttering her incantations and waving her short staff in the air.

I really have no idea why she is angry, is it because I bought a present for Tina before my master her? If it’s just a desire to monopolise, then I just have to prepare your share as well.

As the incantation progressed, vines began crawling across my body like snakes and some went into my shirt while others went into my pants.

“Oi oi oi oi! What are you doing!? This isn’t a scene that kids can see— Ya! Th, that place is!!”

Alisha completely ignored my pleas and continued staring at me coldly as she toyed with me using the vines. Oh my god! I can’t be married anymore! I can’t be married anymore!

I was being abused under broad daylight but not a single person in the coffee shop stood up to stop Alisha as they continued sitting at their seats and enjoyed the progress of the skit in front of them.

(TL: Or maybe because its a rare tentacle raep scene. With a guy no less!) Ding dong, the door bell rang out as a new customer entered the coffee shop. The server who answered the door put on his best business smile and bowed as he welcomed the customer. However, the customer did not pay him any attention and limped over to me and Alisha before stopping at the table and downing the contents of my cup in one go.

To the actions of this unexpected guest, Alisha was shocked.

“You... What are you doing?”

“I’m thirsty.”

Tina said blandly.

---

William swung off the horse and walked up the valet and passed the reins to him for him to bring the white horse away.

“I’m not late, am I?”

William asked another attendant.

“No, your Highness is as punctual as ever.”

“For father to summon me so urgently, is there something wrong?”

“Your humble servant does not know anything, and the king’s thoughts are difficult to fathom so your Highness will only know later. Please follow me.”

“Thank you for leading the way.”

William followed the attendant on the red carpet and surveyed the surrounding constructs. Why have they changed again, he silently complained.

(TL: William has his own castle.)

The royal palace would undergo new construction works and look significantly different every now and then which was why William needed a guide. Such wanton waste was detrimental to national wealth and the people were very unhappy with this but the king continued doing as he pleased.

Though William did not say much on the surface, he too felt unhappy with this.

After passing through a long corridor, William came before the inner palace and the attendant opened the heavy double doors.

“Your humble servant shall excuse himself now.”

“Thanks.”

On entering, the smell of azalea flowers filled his nose. This was the king’s favourite flowers and he would grow them where ever he could in the inner palace. Everything in the palace changed, only the continued blooming of azaleas everywhere remained. This was also the favourite flower of the deceased queen.

Just as he put one foot past the door, the king’s joyous shouts could be heard.



“Willy! Willy! Why did you only come just now?”

“Apologies for making you wait.”

William followed the voice and found the king lying on a large wide bed swinging all 4 limbs about with a red face.

“Quick! Bring the fruits!”

At the king’s order, maids came in through the door with a plate of fruit and courteously offered it to William.

“Try it,” The king said loudly, “Some lychees just got delivered, they’re really sweet!”

“Yes.”

The lychees were already peeled, and the juice filled his mouth as William picked up one and bit into it.

“How is it?”

“Very delicious.”

On hearing William say so, the king relaxed as though he had been relieved of a heavy burden.

“I knew it! Willy would definitely love it! Have some more, there’s more where it came from! Aiya, there’s still pastries, I nearly forgot, bring in my treasured box of meat floss pastries!”

“Father,” William stopped the king, “The snacks can be eaten later, what is the matter for which you summoned me so urgently?”

The king tapped his head.

“Oh, right right right, Willy, have you seen my new design for the palace? Impressive right?”

“... Un.”

“Inspiration struck me! If we cut the long hall into several portions and build a garden there, we can see fake mountains and ponds, listen to the song of birds and smell the scent of flowers, isn’t that great?”

“Indeed, that would be great.”

William was used to the king's flights of fancy. The last time he was summoned was because the king wanted to sing a song he composed to him. Another time, he had just finished an arduous battle only to receive a message by the king via the communication spell. He rushed back as quickly as he could only to be thrown a stack of cards by the king who happily told him it was a game that the king had come up with and invited him to try it out!

He wasn't always like this. Ever since he contracted a weird disease, the king grew weaker day by day both physically and mentally.

“Haha~ It's good that you like it!”

The king lay against the headboard of the bed with a satisfied look.

“The next time I get a new inspiration, I'll get you to come see it!”

“... Yes.”

“I wonder if Ru would like it.”

William frowned deeply on hearing a hated name.

“Second brother, he should like it.”

“Is that so.”

The king looked out of the window and his eyes suddenly became focused.

“You're all so busy that you can only come visit a few times in a year. And Ru, he hasn't come to see me in a few years now. Do you know where he is?”

“Probably thriving in some place.”

William could hardly be bothered about his little brother who did nothing but fool around. His little brother was the most favoured amongst all the princes and would have been made the crown prince if it weren't for his sudden disappearance 5 years ago.

A breeze floated in through the window and the king's snow white hair floated as he remained silent for a long while.

“It will be good,” The king said slowly, “When we can gather again as one whole family.”

It was a very simple wish, and though he was the ruler of a nation, he seemed to be pleading for it like a beggar.

In truth he was old, very old, old to the point where it wouldn't be strange for him to die any time now. From the time he lost his beloved wife, his life was a trainwreck as he contracted an incurable disease, lost his mind and enacted weird policies that made him lose the trust of his people. Everyone called him the dumbest king in the history of Txarango, and he knew that. Which is why he eventually left all official matters to the princes and officials while he remained in his palace. His sons rarely visit him and he has to entertain himself by inventing new games, writing interesting songs, renovating the palace as he spends his last years alone, with just his favourite azaleas for company.

William felt saddened on seeing the creases on the king's forehead.

"One more thing." The king suddenly said.

"What is it?"

"I have heard news that the king of Rosa, Ford, is coming to Txarango in a few days."

William nodded.

"That's right, I have been making the arrangements and preparations since yesterday."

"Did he mention what was the agenda for his visit this time?"

"Supposedly he just wants to Princess Alisha and learn about her status."

"What a doting father."

"Indeed."

The king took a lychee out of the basket and chewed on it.

"It's probably not just a show of fatherly love."

William did not get the meaning behind his words.

"You think he has some other motive?"

"Yes." The king said, "The boy who snuck into the base of the 'Demon Lineage Sect' and killed said organisation's leader, what was his name again?"

“Molan Faburando.”

“His family name is still Faburando? I heard he has become Princess Alisha’s slave, was his name not changed?”

“Because Molan had insisted on it, Princess Alisha did not change his name.”

“Is that so, whatever the name, he belongs to Rosa.” The king paused, “It would be a pity to hand over such an exceptional swordsman to Rosa.”

William was stunned.

“The primary purpose for this visit by the king of Rosa himself, is probably to bring this young man back for himself right?”

The king patted William’s shoulders.

“Though you are engaged to the third princess of Risa, a promise is just that and can be easily broken anytime. Moreover, the ambitions of Rosa are not small. Though we may be allies for now, we cannot lower our guard.”

“... You mean to say that?”

“Maybe you can think of a way,” The king continued, “To let that young man... Stay in Txarango.”

The king was right. Molan had did as he declared in the army encampment, and singlehandedly defeated the demonic beast that Maruko controlled, reversing the flow of battle and had become the hero of all humanity. If it weren’t for him, not even the 13 nation coalition army numbering tens of thousands could have defeated the “Demon Lineage Sect”. William had wanted him for his personal guard but after this incident, his desire for Molan intensified and he wanted Molan to be his direct subordinate. But the international court had rules that he was to be Princess Alisha’s slave and this ruling was ratified by all nations. Even if Alisha were to insist on bringing him back to Rosa, William could not do anything.

(TL: I’m not even trying to make this sound BL.) But.

But if Molan could lose his status as a slave...

William bowed to the king.

“I understand, I will make the preparations immediately.”

He was about to leave after finishing when the king stopped him.

“Willy!”

“Yes?”

The king sat on the bed with a lonely smile.

“Don’t forget to bring the meat floss pastries with you.”

“... I got it.”

William quickly walked out of the inner palace.

## Chapter 6: Molan isn't yours

Lucille, in gratitude of helping to found the nation; Blancoise, in commemoration of undying loyalty to the royal family; Janedeline, a reward for countless military victories; Drewcille, in recognition of sound and just governance. These 4 royal names were bestowed upon the Faburando family by several kings throughout the history of Txarango and enshrined the Faburando family as the most glorious noble family in Txarango. And as its only heir, Tina has inherited this honour. As there are no princesses nor a queen in Txarango, and Deca, the only other noble family that can hold a candle to Faburando, keeps a low profile, it can be said that Tina is the most exquisite and noble female in all of Txarango.

She sat on the seat opposite, her long blue hair hanging behind her, clean and clear as always.

Alisha felt as though she was taken down a peg.

Ever since Tina came, Molan had become extremely nervous and served her tea and water and basically gave her all his attention while leaving Alisha at the side, as if she never existed.

Are you kidding me? I am clearly the lawful wife here alright? Why do I seem like the third party who has been caught with the husband by the lawful wife? By now I should be passing judgement on Molan's philandering, but how dare you just barge right in and sit beside Molan as if it was your place!

I know your family has a very celebrated history but I'm the princess of Rosa alright? My status is not below yours! No no, clearly I'm better by a bit right? Where did you get the guts to be so brazen!

Alisha felt like there was a live volcano in her heart, yet she could not spew out her lava. She stared at Tina with hatred, and considered whether or not to flip the table.

But the more she stared at Tina, the more diminished she felt. To think that someone could be so perfect, with pure clean looks, smooth white skin, and long curly eyelashes that made her winks ever so moving. She didn't like talking and

her expression hardly wavered but that made one all the more curious as to how beautiful her smile might be; perhaps her smile would be like the spring winds which blew away the winter chills and brought flower buds out of the ground.

No wonder Molan is such a philanderer. If I was a man, I would be entranced by Tina as well. When she thought up to here, Alisha felt like a deflated ball that collapsed from a deep-seated feeling of defeat. Beautiful looks were a woman's greatest weapon. She might have an M2HB but Tina had a box of atomic bombs.

When she was kidnapped by the terror organisation, she had also keenly felt this sense of defeat and inferiority when the elven girl's brilliance shone beyond everything and Molan had taken her hand without even looking at Alisha.

"Miss Tina," Alisha clenched her teeth to steel herself, "Why are you here?"

Tina looked at her.

"I escaped, from school."

"According to the school rules, students are not allowed to go outside a school grounds without permission no?"

"Seems like it."

"Not seems, the restriction is clearly written in black and white, and there are repercussions for infringing this rule."

Tina sipped her cold drink.

"Are you going to tell?"

"Don't do it, it's not good to tell on others."

Molan had the audacity to chip in. If he didn't say anything, that would still be fine but now Alisha was fuming mad.

Is it your business? Is it your business huh!? You cheating bastard, who gave you the right to speak? Just last night you held me tightly as you confessed so passionately but today you are backing her up against me!? Why don't you go and die huh!

"Shut up!!" Alisha got angrier the more she thought about it and roared loudly, "I am not such a petty woman!!"

Molan was shocked at the sudden increase in volume and obediently shut his mouth.

“Miss Tina... I am not such a petty woman.”

Realising that she had acted up, Alisha calmed her emotions down and smiled as she replied Tina in a graceful and polite voice.

Stay steady, Alisha told herself.

In this sort of situation, whoever lost control first was the one who lost. This was because it made you look pitiful, and was akin to telling all onlookers that you had lost and you did not have the ability to keep your man. So the best approach is to keep calm, control your emotions, and exhibit as far as possible your charm and beauty as well as your rights over your man, whilst controlling your temper.

“Our Molan, was previously in your care.”

Brilliant move! Alisha cheered herself on. This was the most common, and most powerful move. By emphasising ‘our’, one can immediately seize the advantage by declaring ownership of Molan, and also imply that he was just playing around with you, perhaps he just wanted something new for a bit, but he is still mine in the end.

Her brain was working in overdrive, as Alisha closely observed Tina’s every move to see how she would respond.

If she went with ‘nothing much’ or ‘I was the one in his care’ or any such replies, it was equivalent to recognition of Alisha’s status as Molan’s main wife while she would be the mistress. That way, she would be psychologically inferior and then Alisha could ride on the initiative and build a case where Tina was actually the third party and take the moral high ground. With this, Alisha could easily send Tina away crying.

Tina was silent for a while.

“Molan is not yours... I have not recognised this.”

She took the attack head on with an attack of her own!

What an amazing cross counter! To firmly deny the very base of the allegation,



and indicate that she herself has the right to decide where Molan should go, implying that Molan is her's!

Alisha had long expected that Tina would say something like that.

"Haha, Miss Tina, Molan is without a doubt mine." Alisha laughed relaxedly, "The international court, widely regarded as the highest legal authority with the power to enforce judgements across all nations, has most definitely given Molan to me, no?"

What are you trying to pull here? I have the law behind me after all!

Tina was unmoved.

"Is that so."

"That is so! It's written very clearly in black and white on the judgement scroll, 'Molan Faburado is hereby stripped of all civilian rights for 30 years, and in this period, he shall be Alisha Rosa Czedtofany's personal slave. All his actions will be restricted in accordance with the , and this shall come into effect immediately upon ratification by the various representatives.' My nation has signed off on this judgement."

"I didn't sign."

"You're not a representative."

"So it doesn't apply to me."

"How can that be. The royal family of Txarango has ratified the judgement, and as a noble of Txarango, you must oblige with the decision of the Txarango royal family."

Tina took a tiny sip of her cold drink and didn't respond to this.

Alisha took Tina's silence as her admission of her loss.

Victory came easy, and was outside of Alisha's expectations. She'd thought that she would have to go against Tina for at least 300 rounds and so she had considered Tina's possible responses under various circumstances, and prepared counterattacks for each one. But in the end, Tina had fallen in the first round. What was thought to be a boss like existence was only a small fry.

Alisha shifted her gaze.

“Molan~”

She took a scoop of ice cream and stretched her hand out toward Molan with a smile.

“Ah~”

Molan was clearly on distress, and his eyes flitted toward Tina and did not dare to make a move.

“You, you eat it, I don’t want any.”

“Look at you, you’re sweating so much. Have some ice cream to cool down.”

“I don’t need it.”

“Quick, my hand is getting tired.”

Tina did not look over, instead she turned her head and looked at the window with no expression. Though she was always expressionless to begin with, Alisha could feel that her mood was terrible now, and the proof of that was her continuous tapping with her right index finger on the table.

Molan was still shaking his head,

“I’m fine, I’m fine, and actually I don’t like ice cream very much.”

“Quite jabbering and eat now.”

Alisha pulled down her smile and revealed a ferocious look which frightened Molan, who looked between Tina and Alisha one last time before taking a deep breath and approach the metal spoon with an open mouth.

“Awu.”

Before Molan could eat it, Tina swallowed the ice cream in one mouth.

She then took out a handkerchief to wipe her mouth.

“Thanks.”

“... You’re welcome.” Alisha forced down her emotions, and took another scoop, “Come, Molan, ah~”

“Awu.”

“Miss Tina.”

“Thanks.”

“... You’re welcome. Molan, again—”

“Aww.”

“Miss Tina!”

Alisha slammed the table and stood up.

“Can’t you just eat your own!”

“Mine, isn’t good.”

“Then fine, we’ll switch!”

Alisha swapped her bowl with Tina’s and violently took a big scoop out.

“Molan! Open up!”

Molan stared at the spoon with a strange gleam in his eyes.

“Tina’s saliva...” He muttered as he made to eat the ice cream.

“Get lost! No eating!”

Alisha slapped Molan away and threw the spoon back into the glass bowl.

Tina kept eating the ice cream, and seemed pleased with herself.

A strange awkward atmosphere enveloped the place as Alisha glared at Tina who was eating ice cream, while Molan would look back and forth between Alisha and Tina, all the while looking distressed and nervous. Finally, there were the onlookers who were watching closely, awaiting the next developments.

After a long while, Molan finally broke the silence.

“Umm, the last carriage... Has it already left?”

## Chapter 7: Fate truly renders one helpless

Since we missed the last carriage, we could only count on our own feet to bring us back to school. Though it would definitely lead to us being late, it can't be helped.

"What's the matter?" Sensing that Alisha was staring at me, I asked her.

"Nothing."

Alisha gave a 'hmpf' and turned her head away.

After a moment of silence, Alisha began to speak angrily.

"She's asleep."

"Eh?"

I looked at Tina whose chin was on my shoulder. As Alisha said, Tina had fallen asleep with her fringe in a mess as her lips moved lightly.

I smiled unwittingly.

"Tina has a habit of taking afternoon naps. She probably hasn't rested at all since she came to the market straight after school so she can't help it."

"Oh... I don't nap in the afternoon."

"There are a lot of benefits to afternoon naps, like reducing the risk of cancer for example."

(TL: This is a work of fiction. The translator does not confirm or deny this.)

"Cancer?"

"A kind of disease, people in my hometown always take afternoon naps."

"Is that so." Alisha paused before continuing, "Why would Tina come all the way to the market when her foot is injured, is she not afraid of pain."

"There were probably sweets that were worth the pain waiting for her. Though she doesn't seem to care about much, she is very passionate about sweets."

"I feel that she is here to see you."

“Ah?”

Alisha narrowed her eyes and kicked a rock on the ground.

“She probably heard that I was leaving the school with you so she thought of a way to follow us. At the end, she found us in the cafe. Very cute of her, no? Hmph.”

“Why are you saying it as if she is jealous?”

“You don’t think she is jealous? How dense can you be.”

“I’m not dense.”

I have always felt that my EQ is very high.

“You’re clearly mistaken, how can Tina be jealous of you, she doesn’t even like me.”

“...”

“What’s with that look of yours.”

“... Nothing. But why are you so sure of it? Haven’t you both lived together for some time? Did nothing happen then? Like those novels where romance buds after people spend a long time together.”

“Novels are novels, reality is reality. Tina doesn’t have feelings of romantic love to me. Would you fall in love with a puppy you picked up? At the most you might treat it as family, but never as a lover.”

“How can you possibly equate picking up you and picking up a puppy.”

“Why not, there’s not that much difference.”

From the very beginning, I did hold fantasies of Tina falling in love with me over time as we lived together, and eventually she would be mine for sure! Some of her actions would even seem to affirm this, such as how she would always bring me to balls even though I would step on her feet countless times. I remember the first time we came back from a ball, I was so excited that I couldn’t sleep as I stayed up wondering if she liked me. She clearly did, didn’t she? I really was the most most most fortunate man ever! Later on I realised that she only used me as a meat shield and danced with me on the floor only to deter other nobles from

incessantly inviting her.

I thought too much about everything.

If Tina likes me, why hasn't she smiled at me before.

Whether we were watching dramas or eating sweets, her expression was icy and fixed as always. It was so cold sometimes that she seemed inhuman, could it be she never smiles? Until that afternoon. where the wild grass grew out green and healthy and the sun baked the earth with its scorching heat and the canteen was noisy as ever, Tina smiled the silliest, happiest smile with her lips which still had butter on them as she thought of how she could see His Highness William the next day.

And you, you can't see her most beautiful form, for you are not the right one.

Alisha had been observing me.

"You have something to say don't you."

"Hmph." She tucked her hair behind her ear and held her elbows as she put on an uninterested expression. "You really like Tina huh."

"!!!!"

I was struck by a soundless grenade and it felt like a thousand needles pierced me as my heart stopped and my breath caught in my throat.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what a-a-a-a-a-are yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-you sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-saying—"

"No need to be so nervous, Tina can't hear it."

Alisha stuck out her finger and coiled her hair, round and round, into curls.

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone."

"... How, how did you..."

"Anyone who isn't blind can tell that. Unfortunately I don't have a mirror, or I could show how despondent you looked when you said Tina doesn't like you."

"Geh, is it that obvious?"

"Un, very obvious. Do you remember when we first met? You told me that

someone very important had left you and that you missed her. I thought it was that elf, but it's actually Tina."

Alisha scrunched her face.

"Tch, in the end, I'm the third party."

"What do you mean by that..."

"Oi, if you clearly know that Tina does not like you, why are you still so faithful to her? Life is short and painful, why not find someone else instead? Like maybe, me? If you try to woo me, maybe I might be forthcoming?"

Before I could reply, Alisha quickly added.

"Just kidding~ No way no way. A whole day has almost passed and you haven't even said a word about my hair. Thinking that you might like it that way, I even specially let down my hair today you know? In the end, it was all just me."

"I really am... An idiot."

Alisha quickened her pace and pulled apart from me as she left those words.

I hesitated, not knowing whether to chase up or not.

The sky suddenly turned dark as the setting sun went past the horizon. The surroundings were completely silent but for Tina's quiet breathing which blew against my neck as she slept peacefully.

I seemed to have done something wrong.

---

Tess stood before the spacious room and looked about anxiously. This room was far too big to tiny Tess and it was also dark so she couldn't see clearly about her.

Where is this place... So scary.

She didn't dare to utter a single word for fear of something out there in dark, which might leap out at her should it detect a sound from her. The more she thought about it the more she got scared, and she hugged her long hair in the hopes of getting some sense of security from it.

Why am I here? Where is Zkocha? Where did he go, come find me quick...

Tess held back her tears as she trembled uncontrollably.

She was very afraid of the dark as the dark would always remind her of her mother. Her memory now was back to when she was 8 and her mother had just left her not too long ago. The day her mother had left, it was night and the candles burnt out, leaving Tess in darkness. Her mother said she had to leave for a bit and would be back shortly but she never came back.

So scary... So scary...

She was left alone again, curled up in the darkness holding back her sobs. There was no Zkocha nor was there her mother, and no one would come to save her.

Tess hugged herself and death kept popping up in her thoughts.

All of a sudden, flames sprouted on the candles and the light drove away the darkness and lit up the room.

Tess found that she was in an unbelievably luxurious throne room. The carpeted floor was red like fresh blood, the relief on the walls was lifelike and sparkling jewels formed clusters that were set in an enormous chandelier. At the end of the carpet was a majestic throne, on which sat a young man who looked at Tess with great interest.

Someone else is here!

Tess was scared out of her wits but then she calmed down soon after because she had seen the young man before. It was the big brother who begged her to bring her into the forest of elves half a month ago.

Now he was wearing a set of pitch black plate armour with a cape hanging from the back of the throne. In his right arm, he held a long blade that was encased in ice. His countenance had the arrogance of a monarch.

"You've come."

His tone sounded tired, as though he had been waiting for Tess for a very long time.

"Big brother, you're here too." Tess said timidly, "Where is this?"

"This is my palace."



“Ah? Big brother is a king?”

“That’s right, I’m a king.” He said with a smile, “I’ve been waiting in this palace for you for 10,000 years now.”

Tess was utterly bewildered at the inexplicable words the young man said.

“10,000 years? Eh? Why wait for me?”

A strange feeling suddenly assailed Tess who held her head instinctively.

“Eh? Eh? I seem to have forgotten something I need to do.”

“I know what you have forgotten. It is the reason why you are here.”

“Big brother knows? What is it?”

“Little Tess is here to kill me.”

The young man said blandly.

What is he saying? Instead of doubt, the first feeling that came forth was realisation. That’s right, I remember now, I’m here to kill him, Tess said to herself. With a clear goal in mind, all other thoughts were swept aside. Tess bit her thumb and blood flowed out to form a golden polearm.

Tess made for the young man as she gripped the polearm.

“You remember your mission now?”

The young man did not try to escape. Instead, he leaned back in the throne as he watched Tess walking over.

“So that’s what ‘awakened’ Emissaries look like. Just like remote-controlled robots huh. Little Tess, the you now does not look cute at all.”

Tess could no longer hear him.

The young man smiled bitterly.

“In the end, I still die by your hands. Fate truly renders one helpless.”

He continued to speak, even though no reply came.

“Did I transfer into this world just to be killed? I truly am unlucky huh. Back in my world, I was the top student of my school and I would have received the recommendation to enter Beijing University. My teachers would always tell me

that after I graduated from Beijing University, I would easily pass the TOEFL and then go overseas. What a bright future that would have been. Instead I ended up here.”

Tess continued walking forward toward the young man with a blank expression.

“Although, it isn’t really bad luck. After coming here, I got to meet you all and many explosive things happened. I met a lot of people I would never have met back on earth. There’s a saying that life is not measured by the breaths we take but by the breaths we take away. With all the experiences I’ve had here, I feel that my life has been more than fulfilling.”

The young man laughed.

“Also, little Tess may have forgotten, but you actually confessed to me before! Holy crap, that shocked me so much, I nearly leaked then... But I was happy, very very happy. Could there be a more fortunate man than me? Hmph, I had become the most reajuu of reajuu in 2 worlds then and there!”

Tess had now walked up to the front of the young man and raised the polearm.

The young man had not taken a single step from the throne. He could not, because the 5 hearts beneath his plate armour were long since destroyed, and all it needed to end him was the last blow from Tess.

“But at the very end, the person I love still doesn’t love me.” His voice grew softer, “Little Tess, please help me give a message to Tina, tell her ‘I’m sorry.’”

The polearm pierced through the throne and stopped at the floor, cracking the tile. The young man closed his eyes tiredly and the palace shook as it began collapsing.

Tess awoke from the dream, her breath ragged and sweat dripping down from her chin.

She looked around her to confirm where she was. This was the room which Zkocha had prepared for her. The candles would always burn throughout the night and just outside was a glorious garden filled with flowers which could be admired from the window. The moon shone brightly and the air was fresh. There was no room, no polearm, no young man.

It was just a dream.

She heaved as she tried to catch her breath. An inexplicable chill ran down her spine.